

the faculty of music
university of toronto

in co-operation with

the canadian broadcasting corporation

presents

JANET BAKER

Mezzo-Soprano

MARTIN ISEPP

Pianist

macmillan theatre,
edward johnson building

8:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1977

PROGRAM

ARNE

Under the greenwood tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
His merry, merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat
Come hither, come hither
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Come away, come away death

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fie, away fie, away breath
I am slain by a fair cruel maid
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew
O, prepare it
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower so sweet,
On my black coffin, let there be strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me where sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there.

HUMFREY

Where the bee sucks

Where the bee sucks there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On a swallow's wings I fly
After summer merrily
Merrily merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MORLEY

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

William Shakespeare.

BEETHOVEN

Ah! perfido

Ah faithless, deceitful one, barbarous traitor, you depart?
Do you leave me thus? Who ever suffered a more cruel tyranny?
Go, evil man, go far away! You shall not escape the anger
of the gods. If there is justice in Heaven or pity, they will
conspire to punish you. The Shades will follow you and I in
close pursuit will witness vengeance. In my imagination even
now I see the lightening flash around you. Ah! no, stay your
retribution, O gods! Let me take his punishment. It is not
he who is at fault but I. For him only I live, for him let
me die.

In pity, what shall I do if you bid me farewell? If you do
this my beloved, I shall surely die.

Ah! cruel one, you want me to die! How can you thus return
my love, merciless barbarian! Tell me then, why am I unde-
serving of your pity?

SCHUMANN

Frauenliebe und Leben

Seit ich ihn gesehen

From the moment I saw him I felt blind to all else. I
had eyes only for him; his countenance is ever before
me and even in the darkest depths it shines resplendently.
Without him everything seems colourless and I cannot share
my sisters' pleasures. I fly to my little room and silently
weep, for since I set eyes on him I am blind to all around me.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

The noblest of men, he is tender and kind. His eyes are crystal clear and his lips gentle. A frank open mind and steadfast courage are his, too. As the bright star in the sky, so he shines in my own heaven, bright and noble. Pursue your course and let me gaze humbly on your glory, I offer up a silent prayer that good fortune may be yours, but doubt that you heed this lowly maiden, my glorious star.

Ich kann's nicht fassen

I can scarcely believe it, and feel it is all a dream.
Why should he have chosen me? Did I hear him say, "I will love you forever? " Surely not; I must have been dreaming.
Yet if it is a dream, I would willingly die.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

His ring is on my finger and I devoutly press it to my lips.
My childhood dream is over and I feel lost and forsaken in boundless space. O ring upon my finger, you have taught me how precious life is. I'll live for him and serve him, belong to him only, and become transfigured by his brightness.
O ring upon my finger, I press you to my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, sisters, to adorn myself on this most happy of days, and wreath the myrtle blooms about my head. I was content to lie in my lover's arms, but he waited with impatience for this day. Help me to banish the foolish fears which oppress me, dear sisters, that I may greet the fountain of my happiness with an unclouded eye. My beloved appears before me and the sun sheds his beneficent rays upon me, as I devotedly bow to my lover. I must now take a sad farewell of you, to go joyfully to him.

Süsser Freund, du blickest

Dear man, you look at me with wonder in your eyes. Do you not guess the reason for my weeping on this day of all days, why my heart flutters, yet is so proud? Hide your face on my breast and I'll whisper my joy to you. Though you can no longer see my tears, you now know the reason, my beloved. Feel my heart beat, as I press you closer. Some day a cradle will stand beside my bed here, and when that dream comes true, your image will be smiling up at me.

An meinem Herzen

At my breast my lovely son lies, my treasure and my joy.

Only a mother can know the happiness you bring, my
darling angel; look at me and smile, my joy and my delight.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

You have wounded me for the first time, now that you
lie cold in death. My world is void and I am left
alone. I have loved and lived, but life means little
to me now, I will withdraw myself from the world and
drop the veil, to find my lost happiness and you.

INTERMISSION

LENNOX BERKELEY Lauds (Five Poems by W.H. Auden)

Among the leaves the small birds sing;
The crow of the cock commands a waking;
In solitude, for company.
Bright shines the sun on creatures mortal;
Men of their neighbors become sensible:
In solitude for company.
The crow of the cock commands a waking;
Already the mass-bell goes dong-ding
In solitude for company.
Men of their neighbors become sensible;
God bless the Realm, God bless the People;
In solitude for company.
Already the mass-bell goes dong-ding;
The dripping mill-wheel is again turning:
In solitude for company.
God bless the Realm, God bless the People;
God bless this green world temporal:
In solitude for company.
The dripping mill-wheel is again turning;
Among the leaves the small birds sing:
In solitude for company.

Copyright (c) 1955 by W.H. Auden

O lurcher-loving collier, black as night,
Follow your love across the smokeless hill;
Your lamp is out and all the cages still;
Course for her heart and do not miss,
For Sunday soon is past and, Kate go not so fast,
For Monday comes when none may kiss:
Be marble to his soot, and to his black be white.

Copyright 1940 by W.H. Auden

What's in your mind, my dove, my coney;
Do thoughts grow like feathers, the dead end of life;
Is it making of love or counting of money,
Or a raid on the jewels, the plans of a thief?
Open your eyes, my dearest dallier;
Let hunt with your hands for escaping me;
Go through the motions of exploring the familiar;
Stand on the brink of the warm white day.
Rise with the wind, my great big serpent;
Silence the birds and darken the air;
Change me with terror, alive in a moment;
Strike for the heart and have me there.

Copyright (c)1966 by W.H. Auden

Eyes look into the well,
Tears run down from the eye;
The tower cracked and fell from the quiet winter sky
Under the mid-night stone
Love was buried by thieves;
The robbed heart begs for a bone,
The damned rustle like leaves
Face down in the flooded brook with nothing more to say,
Lies One the soldiers took,
And spoiled and threw away.

Copyright 1945 by W.H. Auden

Carry her over the water,
And set her down under the tree,
Where the culvers white all day and all night,
And the winds from every quarter
Sing agreeably of love.
Put a gold ring on her finger,
And press her close to your heart,
While the fish in the lake their snap-shots take,
And the frog, that sanguine singer,
Sings agreeably of love.
The street shall all flock to your marriage,
The houses turn round to look,
The tables and chairs say suitable prayers,
And the horses drawing your carriage
Sing agreeably of love.

Copyright 1941 by Hawkes & Son Ltd.

Reprinted from COLLECTED SHORTER POEMS 1927-
1957, by W.H. Auden, by permission of Random House, Inc.

Der du von dem Himmel bist

Thou that comest from heaven,
That dost quiet all sorrow and pain
That dost the doubly wretched
Doubly revive,
Ah! I am weary of striving!
Why all this pain and pleasure?
Sweet peace,
Come, oh, come to my breast.

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome

The Rhine, the beautiful river,
reflects in its waves,
with its great cathedral,
the great holy city of Cologne.

In the cathedral there hangs a painting
painted on gilded leather;
in the confusion of my life
it has shone kindly down upon me.

Flowers and cherubs float
about Our dear Lady.
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
are exactly like those of my love.

Du bist wie eine Blume

You are like a flower,
so sweet and fair and chaste;
I look upon you, and melancholy
creeps into my heart.

It seems to me as if I must
lay my hands upon your head,
praying that God will keep you
so chaste and fair and sweet.

Die Lorelei

I do not know why
I should be so sad;
a tale of times past
haunts my mind.

The air is cool, it is growing dark,
and the Rhine flows calmly by;
the mountain-top sparkles
in the evening sunshine.

A beautiful woman is sitting
up there in strange splendour;
her golden jewels flash brightly,
she is combing her golden hair.
She combs it with a golden comb
and sings a song
that has a strange
powerful melody.

The boatman in his little skiff
is seized with wild anguish;
he does not see the reefs,
he only looks to the heights.

I think the waves
swallow boatman and boat in the end;
and that Lorelei has done
with her singing.

Steinway Piano

Angel, DG Records

Exclusive Management: HUOK CONCERTS, INC., 540 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Next Event: **TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1977 at 8:30 p.m.**
THE KONTARSKY BROTHERS, DUO PIANISTS

Next Concert in this Series: **FEBRUARY 28, 1977 at 8:30 p.m.**
JANOS STARKER, CELLIST